That has no relliſh of ſalvation in't,
Then trip him that, like a mildew'd eare,
Blaſting his wholſome brother: have you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement; and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? ſenſe ſure you have,
Elſe could you not have motion, but ſure that ſenſe
Is apoplext, for madneſſe would not erre,
Nor ſenſe to extaſie was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice
To ſerve in ſuch a difference: What divell was't
That thus hath couzen'd you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, ſmelling ſans all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope. Oh ſhame! where is thy bluſh?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones
To flaming youth, let vertue be as waxe
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no ſhame
When the compulſive ardure gives the charge,
Since froſt it ſelfe as actively doth burne,
And reaſon pardons will.
Ger. O *Hamlet* ſpeake no more,
Thou turn'ſt my very eyes into my ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch blacke and grieved ſpots
As will leave there their tinct.
Ham. Nay but to live
In the ranke ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſtye.
Ger. O ſpeake to me no more,
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine eares,
No more ſweet *Hamlet*.
Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,

A ſlave

A ſlave that is not twentieth part the kyth
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A Cut-purſe of the Empire and the rule,
That from a ſhelfe the precious diadem ſtole,
And put it in his pocket. *Enter Ghoſt.*
Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches.
Save me and hover ore me with your wings
You heavenly guards: what would your gracious figure?
Ger. Alaſſe hee's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardie ſonne to chide,
That lap'ſt in time, and paſſion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command? O ſay!
Ghoſt. Doe not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But looke, amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep betweene her and her ſighing ſoule!
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Ger. Alaſſe how is't with you,
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall aire do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peepe,
And as the ſleeping Souldiers in th'alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts up and ſtands an end: O gentle ſonne!
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle coole patience: whereon doe you looke?
Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres,
His forme and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones
Would make them capable; doe not look upon me,
Leſt with this piteous action you convert
My ſterne effects; then what I have to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for blood.
Ger. To whom doe you ſpeake this?
Ham. Doe you ſee nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?